



10.3

# Look DISEASE

BIRTHDAY PARTY

GRASS

DREAM SYNDICATE

JAMAICAN WORLD MUSIC FEST

PAGAN MYTH

MENTAL ABUSE

POETRY

ARTWORK

REVIEWS



CHRIST WITH DISCIPLES JACK MORSE

## COVER

selling my soul is not the question

there's no market

foreign assessment of a newspaper

shelf paper

ancient enameled stove in need of scrub down

into, leaving on last night's dead beetle

quarry dust thick on top refrigerator

dirty curtain

there's nothing here

delicate things do not survive

they get beaten up / raped / shot

run over / knifed / poisoned

or pushed into suicide

Don't ask for explanations

the words are dark, bloody

you wouldn't want to pay the price

of my confession

There is one from  
Someone else  
We some have  
knowledge of  
- others have  
not knowledge  
of this one.  
Adore this one  
Some do.  
Others have  
no desire to like the  
one. Some are some alone  
It is this one  
Who is able to  
to give to the  
Some what the  
one has. Together  
the one has  
Someone. One some  
longer, some one

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The dog who is  
so angry he  
cannot move.  
He cannot eat.  
He cannot sleep.  
He can just  
barely growl.

Bound so  
tightly with  
tension and  
anger, he  
approaches the  
state of  
rigor mortis.

DA

1

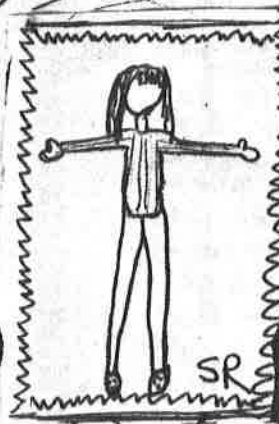
# 2025

friendship  
 Kinship  
 love  
 understanding  
 feminism  
 compassion  
 talk  
 truth  
 laughter  
 togetherness

too many insecurities  
 too much insincerities  
 too many insincerities  
 too much insecurities  
 too many insecurities  
 too much insincerities  
 too many insincerities  
 too much insecurities  
 too many insecurities  
 too much insincerities  
 too many insincerities  
 too much insecurities SR

I think you're lying

I have seen so many people  
 sensitive good spirits  
 Crushed under the machinery of  
 Abrasive fate  
 My good friend  
 She was so wonderful  
 I looked and saw her Defeated  
 I stood by and licked my own wounds,  
 My saliva was not medicinal  
 It did not help  
 My mouth could have been dirty  
 So infection would have spread.



-Silent Running  
 © 1982



## SILENCE II

MY MIND BECOMES SILENT  
AS MY MOUTH MOVES  
NO NEED TO REPEAT WORDS  
MY WORDS ARE MUTE.  
AS A BODY IS IN MOTION  
MY WORDS ARE FROZEN  
SILENCE BECOMES MOVEMENT  
STILL, IS THE POSITION.  
NOW THE MOVEMENT IN MY MIND  
BECOMES SILENCE IN MY EYES  
THE SPECTRUM OF LIGHT AND COLOUR FADES  
EVERYTHING, NOW TURNS TO GREY.  
AND IN THE GREYNESS  
ALL MOVEMENT IS GRACELESS  
ALL BECOMES DARKNESS  
LIFE IS SILENCED.

D. BLOOD



## GRAVE STONE

THE STONE  
CRUEL HARD STONE  
GREY STONE  
GRAVE STONE.  
THE GRASS  
BROWN AND LIFELESS  
WHERE WINTER REMAINS  
FOR - EVER.  
IRON HEAPED IN MOUNDS  
SCULPTURES RAISED  
IN HONOR OF THE DEAD  
AN END TO LIFE.  
A CIRCLE OF STONE  
STANDING FOR CENTURYS  
COLD AND SOULLESS  
LAUGHING AT HUMANITY.  
THE CRADEL OF EARTH  
A BEGINING / AN END  
ROWS OF GREY STONE  
THE MONUMENT OF MAN  
GRAVE STONES

D. BLOOD

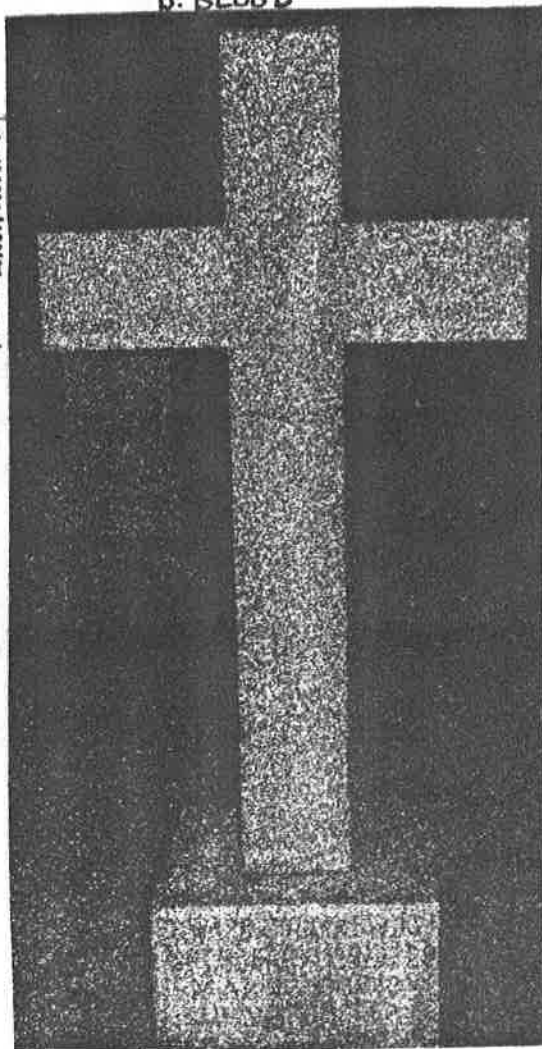
## DEAD ROSES

ONLY IN DEATH  
IS THEIR BEAUTY EXPOSED  
WILTED AND OLD  
A BOUQUET OF DEAD ROSES.  
NO SCENT LINGERS  
ONLY THE MEMORY REMAINS  
THE COLOUR WE REMEMBER  
IS A PALE YELLOWED PAIN.  
IN THEIR DEATH  
THE ROMANCE IS ENHANCED  
THE BEAUTY IN THEIR LIFE  
THAT NEVER STOOD A CHANCE.  
SO WE TAKE FRESH ROSES  
AND PLACE THEM ON GRAVES  
WHEN THEY HAVE DIED AND WILTED  
IT'S THEIR TRUE BEAUTY THAT REMAINS.

D. BLOOD



PHOTO: LINDA ADAMS



# THE war cry

Aliluppitan particle  
a mass of matter that doesn't

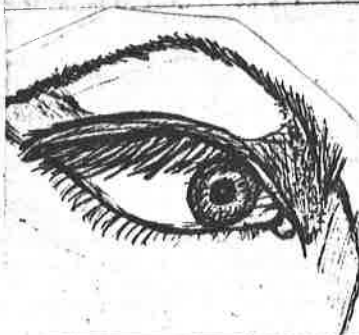


See you stand on your throne

you don't sit  
still too scared someone  
will uproot you if you're not on the lookout  
secured it falsely  
false security



WHERE THE GREENISH MUSHROOM CLOUD, THE VILLAGE BROT STOOD...



Remember  
it's so much easier to knock you down  
Because you are standing.

ona

Sound  
like  
a  
good  
Action



## POEM

This is my room, my cell,  
Where I live.  
To which my life is centined,  
My world.

I cannot leave it only because I don't want to  
(the other words are so mundane)  
But I don't want to stay, trapped, alone,  
In this little life.

Something inside me tells me there's more  
(or maybe I just read of it in romantic books)  
And I long, unsatisfied, for what I do not have,  
For what I am denied.

And although I've never seen it,  
I knew  
That just outside my minute sphere  
It lies, unclaimed, waiting to be had.

I do not want to leave this world  
Because there's nothing else,  
But that something still remains  
And it is what I want.

© 1983 Brian Grimm

## song

I've got no brains but I run the country  
You don't know me but I run the country  
I'm not the president but I run the country  
I don't bribe the president but I run the country

All I do is feed you all  
while I go broke and I grew hungry  
All I do is keep the cars and things running  
All I do is keep the country running  
(It's just a part time job for me)

You say that you run the country?  
You're just an old white man with a tie!  
You wouldn't care if the country falls  
I wouldn't care if the country falls  
As long as the check comes through

I'm enslaved but do I care?  
They get me to clean out the gears  
All I want is to survive the president  
All I want is to survive the regime

You say that you're gonna make things better  
You just give me three word names  
You give me initials to shorten my stature  
Give me initials and forget my name

I've got know brains but I run the country  
No-one cares that I run the country  
You say that you run the country?  
Well that's okay cause I don't care about you!



you think you've made it  
on top of this world  
so comfortable, content, self-satisfied

you think you've deserved it  
"this life has been too hard"  
everyone goes through it

Eyeing others with contempt-pity  
But watch  
Always calm before the storm



MIDDLE EAST SPOKESMAN

mind, violence  
bureaucracy  
false security  
secured it falsely

pitiful creature  
no nefarious  
cover, facade  
false security  
secured it falsely

It's warm, embracing  
before

© 1981 Brian Grimm

**TEN BEST EVERYTHINGS EVERYWHERE.**  
 I have nothing to write about, all my thoughts are assignments, my truest  
 irritation is the tickle i get up my back every time i urinate. still, there are  
 things i dig even groovier than that...

**TEN BEST TUNEMEISTERS:** Santana's "Stormy"-heart warming guitar splashes and aggro  
 voice that knocks the balls of Judas Priest...there is power in depression/  
 who's "Amazing Journey" from Tommy-i'm sorry, neither Three O'clock nor the  
 Strawberry Alarm Clock send the pictures reeling through my grey matter but this  
 stuff is PSYCHOACTIVE PURITANICALLY AND PERSONIFIED, superfab and fabulous? yup/  
 Crosby Stills and Nash "Marakesh Express" mainly because i'm morrocan and they're  
 doped up rockstars and full of soulful kicks/Them's "Here Comes the Night"-oh man  
 this is just the best song, Van Morrison's wail, twanging guitar slides, perfect. pic  
 up on these cats, they've got the now sound only fifteen years ago/Van Morrison's  
 "Brown Eyed Girl" mainly because i'm not irish and somewhere in here they must  
 mention a cave and rain and neither rhyme/Sweet's "Love is like Oxygen" which is  
 really and truly the worst song ever, just fucking awful in every way/Velvet  
 Underground's "All Tomorrow's Parties" because there is a cowbell in the backgro  
 d for like six minutes and it just cuts hard into your brain and makes you want  
 to eat the record needle/...isthattey yet? well if not c'est la vie, i would've put  
 the Beatles in there they inevitable are dead or hairy...

**TEN BEST DRUGS:** oh shit, this is dedicated to all loose in the head: LSD is still  
 the killest craziest equinoxinal flip out freak out zip roar and panic flutter  
 anywhere, everything next to it seems kind of like glorified aspirin/psilocybin  
 mushrooms-just like el only smeeellllly and tawling like dogshit and etcetera/  
 pall mall cigarettes-they taste like what they sound like-PALLLLLLL MALLLLL, yuk/  
 orange pico and pico tea and coffee-beauties, whites, lidproppers, they're all  
 wimpville next to this columbian stuff, this stuff will keep you tap dancing  
 through all tomorrow's parties/and the rest: kahlua, manhattans, martinis, novacane.

**TEN BEST WRITERS:** swing mit shakespeare's wild prose, don't hate him because you  
 have to study him, don't give the adult world what they wnt, dig him for he can  
 shpiel the words/jack kerouac, as good as willie shake and even lighter, ram that  
 road/jean paul sartre-learn why this earth is, why you are, and how it all pieces  
 together, tuff stuff, impress your pals with this/gregory corso-angry young poet  
 nasty as pilf but unghhhh he kicks tush, a poet that kicks bunbone, i dig/tom wolf  
 for his goofed up cranked up chinsy novels on 60's pop culture, he wears white  
 suits and and and.../lawrence ferlinghetti-never mind that his last name sounds  
 like a kind of noodle i mean the man is a poet and writes about everything from  
 fidel castro to fucking tree bark, a poet and a visionary/anais nin-to be moralis  
 tic and sweet about it, she pops my rod with those tales of tails and fins and  
 the joining of the two/

**TEN BEST CLOTHING ITEMS:** berets-because they double as purses and portapotties/  
 those curvy shoes, the ones with curls at the end-damn exotic, bbabyee/cumberbuns-  
 their name is odd, their shape is odd, wail/nehru-i wanna look like gandhi too  
 i mean the man was class prsonified, dot on forehead and all/oh hell i don't like  
 fashion or non fashion or clothing experimentation anyways...

**TEN BEST TRENDS:** i subscribe, prescribe, buckle down to all trends...here goes:  
 ROCKABILLY 'cos baby dig the beboppin' greased up messed up bass pluckin sounds  
 like dads/MOD cowsszzzzzz those ties man and that youthgo angstoroomi and all  
 the rickenbacker guitars and cute girls gogogogogo/PSYCHEDELIC baby because  
 it's just a groovy scene and a supersonic hyptofreakout presence y'know/PLUNK  
 i mean KINK i mean QUACK i mean goodnight....



shredded

You may attend a party  
 where strange customs prevail.

I love you,  
 but I question my love.  
 I love you;  
 what right have you to question my love?  
 I love you.  
 Why can't you accept that fact?  
 I love you.  
 I question my love.

©1983 Brian Grinn

Betty Smith

HAT WENT WRONG HERE?

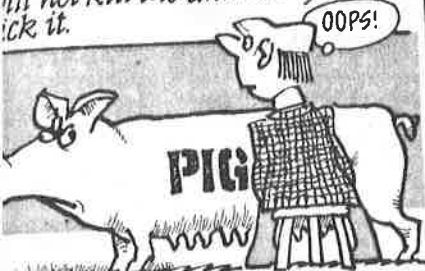




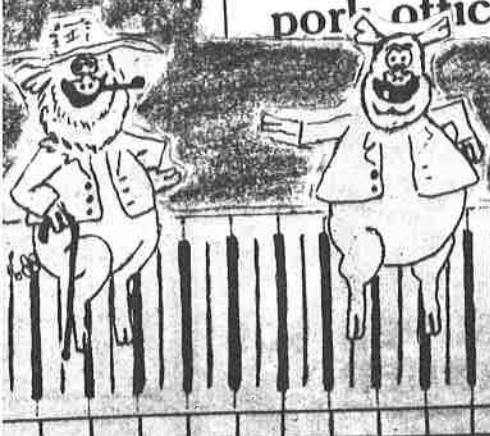
# carcass section

...MING WITH MARK—8

...ood wheeze is to stencil the  
...me of the animal on its side, i.e.  
...w, Horse, etc., not Maude or Doris.  
...Whatever as this only leads to  
...familiarity. Try to use a paint which  
...ill not kill the animals if they  
...ick it.



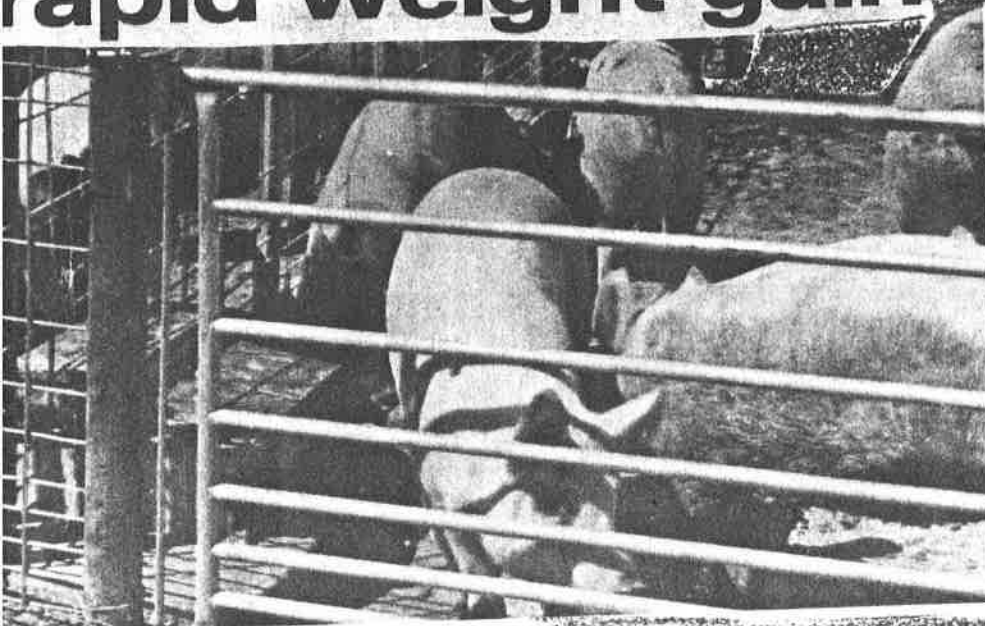
Potts is named  
porc official



Diet pills and the sauna may  
"trim" the waist  
but the carnal, corpulent oil  
is still reflected in their eyes.

Pig, I am sorry, to defile your  
name in this allegory.

## Paste-fed pigs show rapid weight gain



**PORK:**  
perhaps this  
word best des-  
cribes Americana  
culture. Excess is  
essence; gluttons of  
food, money, useless ex-  
travagance. Desire of  
Profit gorges upon the  
resource, fortuitously  
as men embrace this  
dehumanization,  
it is by choice-  
they are the  
worst

**feed.**

**PORK** MOVE HOGS to market  
this month for those top prices. We  
will be starting the price drop next  
month. And that drop may last for  
a while. We should see prices run-  
ning smartly above \$50 next month.



# MAKE IT RIGHT



"In a short time... several million peasants will rise like a mighty storm, like a hurricane, a force so swift and violent that no power, however great, will be able to hold it back. They will smash all the trammels that bind them and rush forward along the road to liberation. They will sweep all the imperialists, warlords, corrupt officials, local tyrants and evil gentry into their graves. Every revolutionary party and every revolutionary comrade will be put to the test, to be accepted or rejected as they decide. There are three alternatives. To march at their head and lead them? To trail behind them, gesticulating and criticizing? Or to stand in their way and oppose them? Every person is free to choose, but events will force you to make the choice quickly."

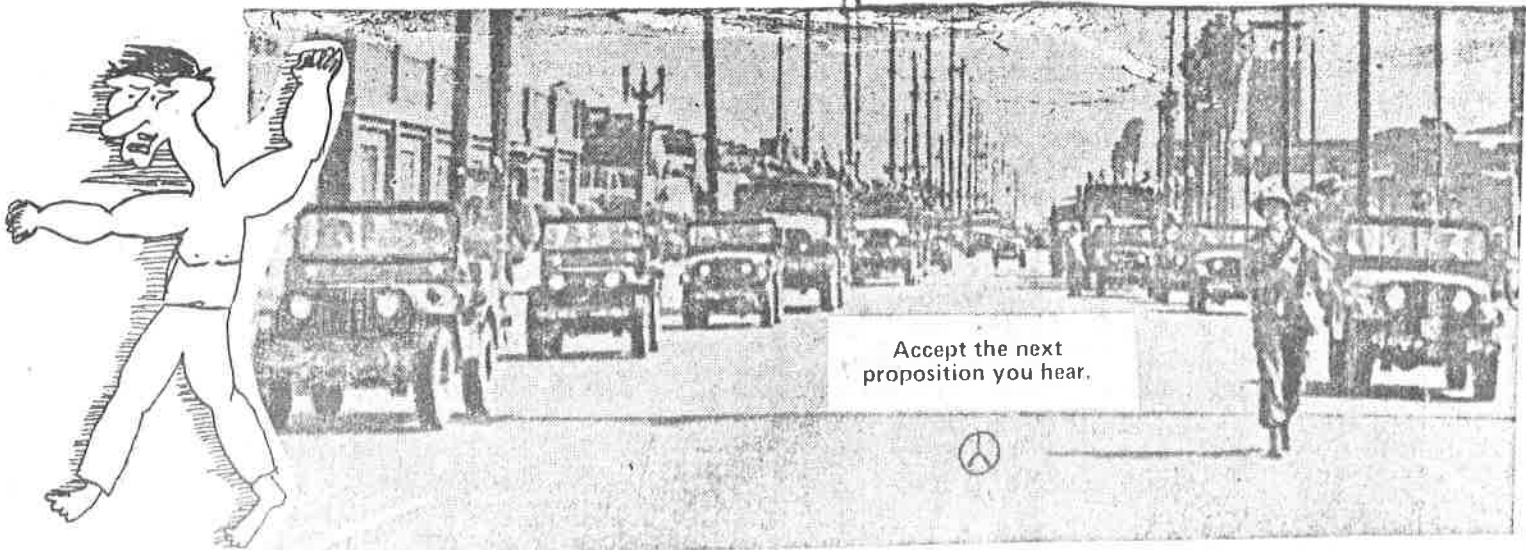
Mao Tsetung: 1927.

Once upon a Death  
Was born a life  
Sprung from great heights,  
A burning Rome with  
No means of repair,  
It ushered wisdom to power  
With the sweet fruits of wine  
Until its cup was filled  
With the poison of Socrates.  
No one could understand its beauty  
Or its flavor.  
It was thus combined  
With mortal ambrosia,  
Though such a thing does not exist.

Death is a poet  
Perhaps you have  
heard of its masterpiece,  
Life,  
I have not read a  
Poem of such beauty  
Or have seen a  
Poem altered so man a time  
A word such as eternity  
Fade from mind,  
Progress has come to mean  
Deterioration  
And the one link to all societies  
Draw towards material value.  
A starving man's diet of bare necessity remains  
And yet a great tomb is built  
To commemorate a tyrannic, Stalinlike mind  
And one built to honor  
A single man's  
Deranged destiny,  
the subtle stature  
Of Napoleon,  
Or a German madman  
When could not die his rate.  
I would perish  
For this poem's  
simple understanding.  
First, However,  
I must learn  
To grasp its beginning.

- Gary Stern

WE'RE ALL GOING TO BE GOING SOON



Accept the next  
proposition you hear.





# JAMAICAN MUSIC



# WORLD FESTIVAL



For Thanksgiving vacation, I went with my mom to Jamaica to see this festival. It was the first show at the new Bob Marley Performing Center (which is a huge stage with a chain link fence around it. There are a few food stands- that's about it). There were many groups from every musical field. The festival thus proceeded:

**First Night:** There was a dedication to Bob Marley, before the music began. Rita (Marley's wife) did the honors and the Prime Minister of Jamaica made the most boring speech I've ever heard. The Wailers started off. Rita is in this group. The B-52s (who, by the way, are very funny-looking) played, plus some others whom I can't remember. The Grateful Dead came on last. They did their show at 4 AM, and I fell asleep. All the "deadheads" enjoyed themselves. They were the ones with the psychedelic t-shirts. This one guy wore an American flag shirt which I thought was cool.

**Second Night:** This night was better. The English Beat kicked it off and got everyone dancing- even the deadheads; they were hilarious skanking about. Stacy Attisaw, Aretha Franklin, and Lady's Knight and the Pips, all put on perfect Las Vegas shows with lots of "I love you all"s thrown in to prove that they "would not be here if it weren't for all of you". Anyway, Black Uhuru, the best reggae band, gave a good jam and everyone loved them, including me. The best song they performed was "Darkness". Yellowman was last. I had never heard him before but he was great. An albino rastafarian! He basically rapped, about how great he was in bed. He was pretty funny.



**Last Night:** This was the best! A dumb band came on first, and then Joe Jackson sang some songs. Squeeze then performed their last show ever (they are breaking up) and it wasn't too good. What a disappointment. Rita Marley sang a few tunes. She had a good one called "One Draw", which is also the title of her last album. She is supposed to be the "Queen of Reggae" but I didn't enjoy her too much. The Clash came on, and I enjoyed them. They played more of their reggae songs. All the deadheads liked "Rock the Casbah", and "Should I Stay..." As before, they skanked about. Peter Tosh was the final performer. I had never heard him before either. He was good, but not great. He gave a mini-sermon about Jah love in between his songs. This got a little repetitious, but it seemed that some of the deadheads who were on the fourth hit of acid were converted. Anyway, Tosh ended it all.

All in all, it was a good three days. I observed a variety of different people, both off and on the stage. There was plenty of ganga going around. The Jamaicans didn't seem to like any of the American or English artists, except for the Clash, and the disco, oh- excuse me, I mean funk people. The Clash stayed at my hotel (sorry- no interview) as well as Rick James, Joe Jackson (a real loner), Squeeze, and The Beat. My mom re-acquainted herself with the road manager of the Grateful Dead, whom she had gone out with 20 years ago. I saw a guy wearing a Germs t-shirt. He was fat and balding.

-BRADY 8



# DREAM SYNDICATE

A pregnant woman with a gun threatens to hold the staff hostage until she finds the doctor who handled her husband's unsuccessful vasectomy.

THE BARN- UNIV. OF CA..at RIVERSIDE

Yes, I know this review is a little tardy and I apologize for the inconvenience.

The Barn is a well kept hole-in-the-wall. Bands are fairly easily discerned. I was really excited at the prospect of seeing the Dream Syndicate. I went to the early show and was lulled by the strains of the opening song "When You Smile". The band appeared comfortable and pleasant. Steve Wynn smiled with graciousness, but could the smile have been selfish also? They played their songs well but the whole set couldn't have exceeded thirty minutes.

This short length could have been easily interpreted as another case of a band that performed their perfunctory duty in order to collect the audience's money. In dry Riverside, any band that is somewhat mediocre is lauded and embraced for lack of culture out here. Appreciation was

great that night. Here's hoping that this band wasn't expediently looking for an easy way out. Yes, this band is talented. Yes, this band deserves praise. Yes, this Riverside area is gullible- but pretentious cheating won't do any of us any good.

The opening band, Green on Red, displayed a good deal of energy and vigor. This band possesses potential. A more effective, refined manner in harnessing this may prove fruitful. Sorry for all that technical mishap.

-Silent Running



Cal State Fullerton  
February 17

Is It Really Better to Be Beautiful?

One of the most appealing traits of X is their good memory. Although they are accepted by pre-teenage soshes, X still remembers the early, dedicated fans. Last year, they put on unannounced shows for those in the "underground" at the Whisky. X could have easily gathered some funds to feather the nest instead of performing at this free concert on the lawn of this Cal State. 5 to 10 times the expected number of people made their presence. After a playful sound check, X gave a lengthy, rousing show. All the favorites were showcased and a couple of new ones were unveiled. The bouncers were disgraceful, some of the audience were tactless (mostly males), and the heat of the California sun was not enjoyed. What else is new? I suppose it was worth it.

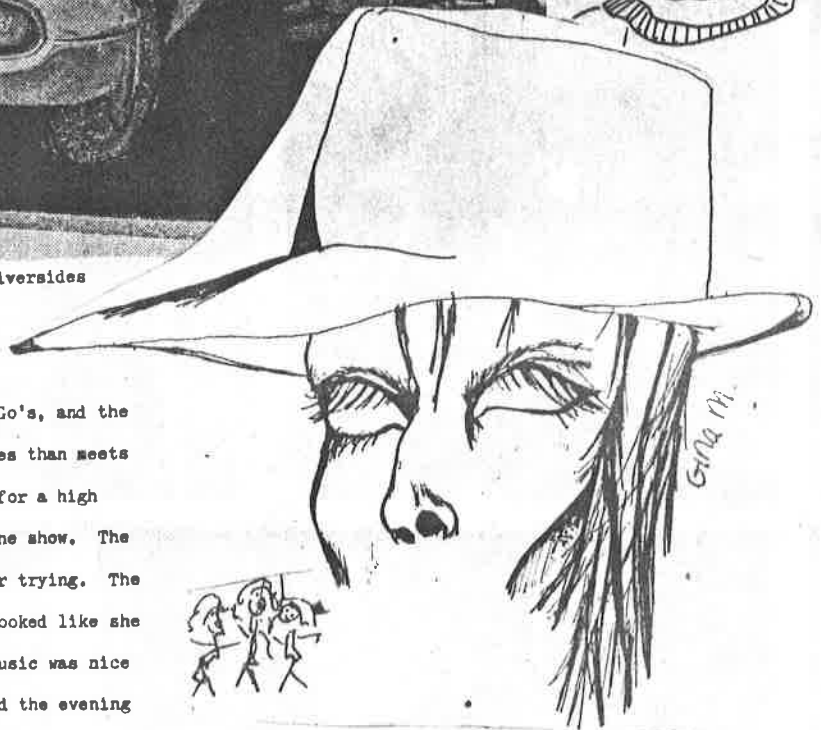
-Silent Running





This is a note to all of you who don't outright despise heavy-metalish rock. About a year ago I got Grand Funk Railroad in PeeBah's bargain bin for my brother. We both liked the record a lot, but lost it. It had Blues influences including a possible harmonic on some cuts. The bass player really stands out. He puts the word Funk in the bands name. This christmas my dad got me a live album by GFR and I got my brother another GFR record (both done later). These albums were both boring and fit well into the rock/heavy metal stereotype. Recently I found two 2-record sets (each 50¢ at PeeBah's) from 69-71. One was live, the other a greatest hits, and I discovered that GFR reached their peak in originality with Grand Funk Railroad (1969). Anyone who can appreciate early seventies, bluesy, bass dominated music and doesn't mind a few trite guitar solos and sex-and-drug-rock-and-roll lyrics might keep his or her eyes out for this record when going through bargain bins.

© 1983 Brian Grimm



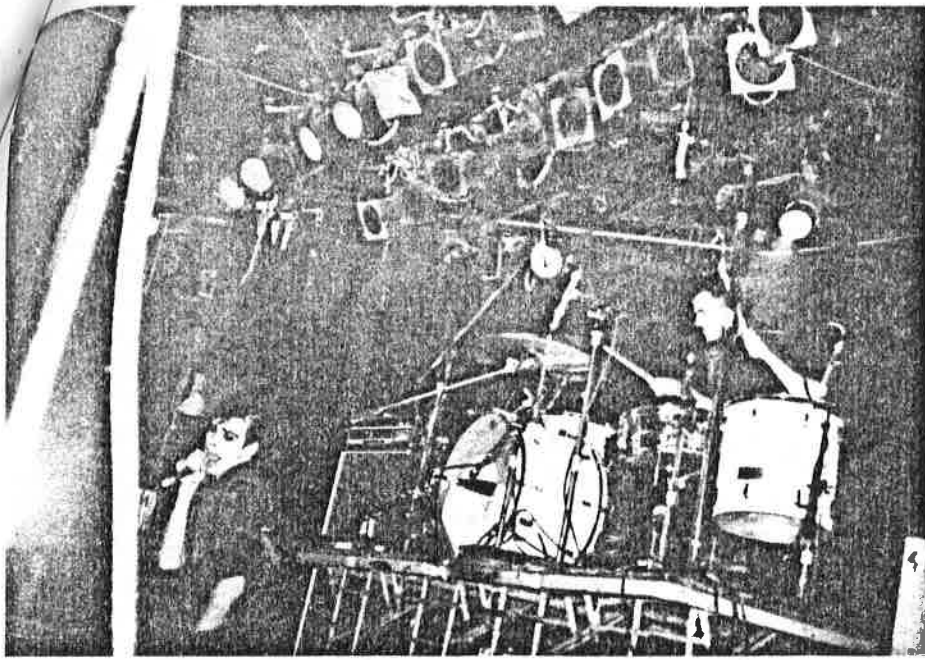
Concert Review of The Bangles at The University of California Riversides  
The Barn. By T. Robinson  
March 5, 1983 Cost; \$5

At first when you hear of the Bangles you think of the Go-Go's, and the 60's pop groups and their music, but there is more to the Bangles than meets the eye. Although UCR's The Barn seems like an unlikely place for a high energy group to be at (and it isn't), I found myself enjoying the show. The Barn is not a club scene, folks, but I will give them credit for trying. The opening band, Paperdoll, was tacky new wave. The lead singer looked like she was in the wrong place (namely a disco), but their Motels-type music was nice if you like that kind of a sound. Fortunately the Bangles saved the evening from disaster. The Bangles lead guitarist Vicki Peterson's on stage frankness, Debbie Peterson's energetic drumming, Susanna Hoff's bouncy style of performance, and Annette Zilinskas with her disarrayed bleached hair and bare feet combined with the girlish charm that only an all female band has, took me back to the crazy antics of the Beatles. At the show was Bill Bartell (Pat Smear) and other members of Riversides "White Flag", who enjoyed hawking it up with the girls both during and between sets. The Bangles EP is no comparison to their performance live. These girls are more thrashy than the controlled sound on the record. I feel this band is a must for all people to see before they get too popular.

T. Robinson

The Flipside Video has come out. It includes; Social Distortion, Vandals, Sin 34, Black Flag, RF7, D.I., T.S.O.L., Descendents, M.O.C., Circle Jerks, Husker Du, Youth Brigade, and Black Faag. The video is a little bit long and some sections are boring, but on the whole it's good so if you get a chance to see it do, but don't be the first to pay \$29.00 for it.

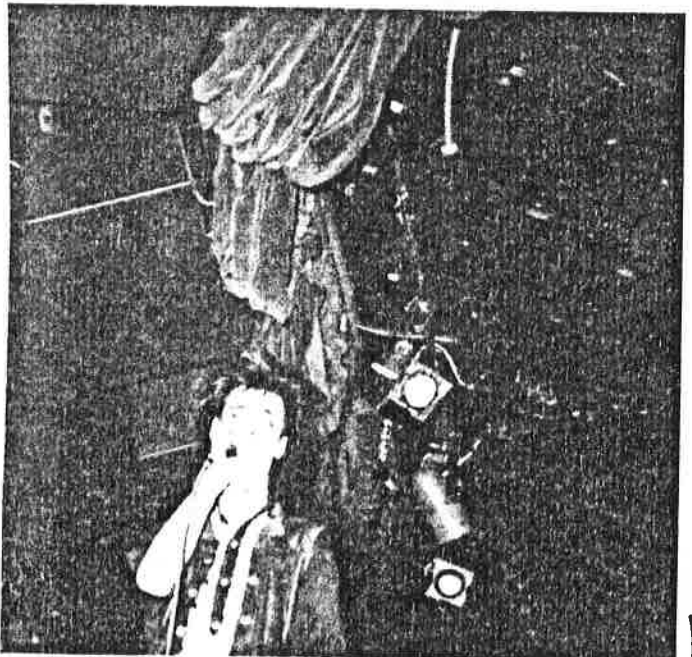
Rachel S



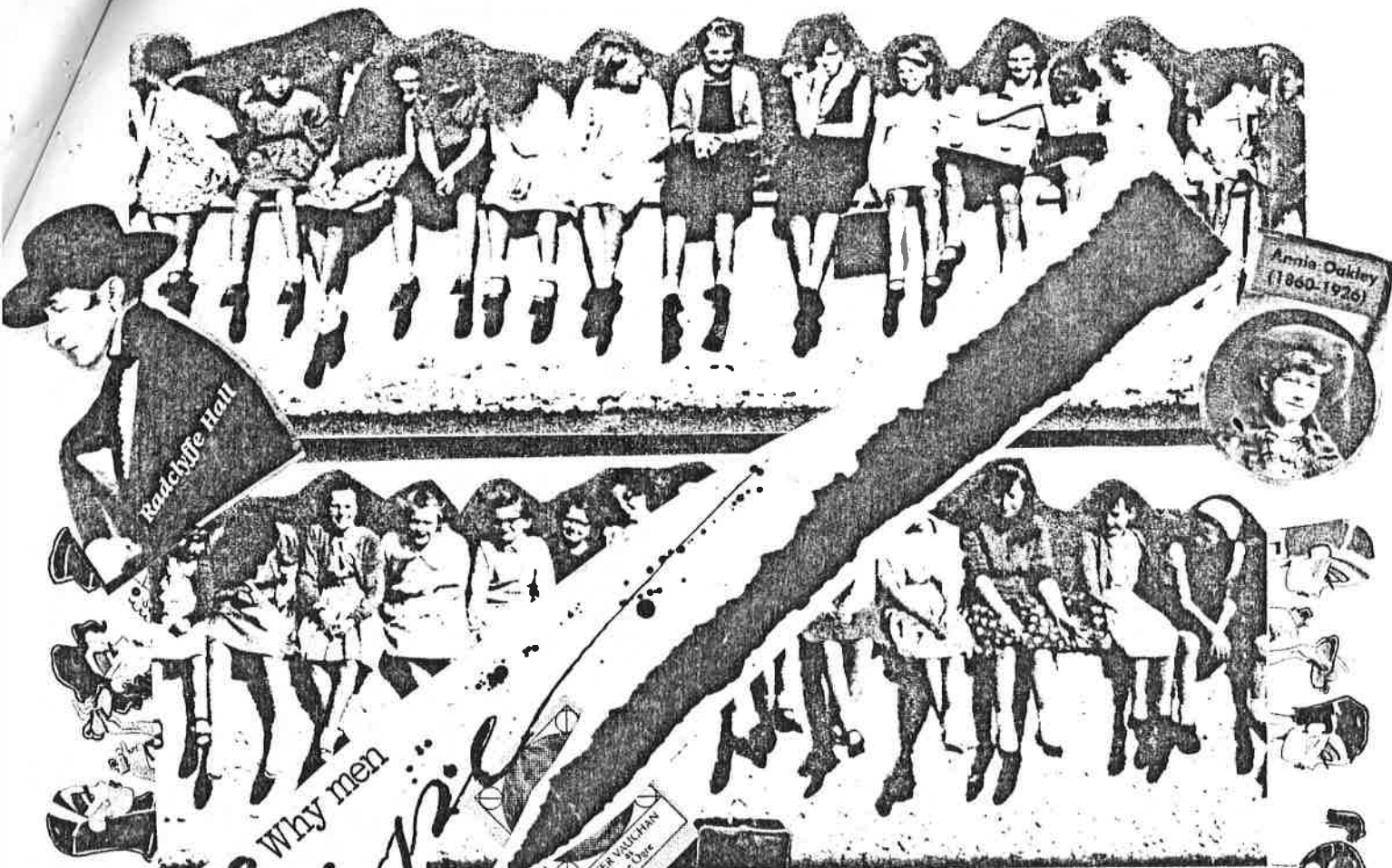
# THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

ROXY - MARCH 30

A very, very good show







Why men

PETER VOLCHAN  
The Page

CROSS

I've got 54321  
I've got a red pair of high-heels on  
Tumble me over, tumble me, push.  
In my red high heels I've no control  
The rituals of repression are so old,  
You can do what you like, there'll be no reprisal,  
I'm yours, yes I'm yours, it's my means of survival.  
I've studied my flaws in your reflection  
And put them to rights with savage correction,  
So come on darling, make me yours,  
Thp me over, show me the floor,  
lease me, lease me, make me stay  
In my red high-heels I can't get away.  
These wounds leave furrows as they heal,  
I've trawled them, they're red and real,  
I've bound my twisted falling fall  
Beautiful mute against the wall,  
Beautifully mutilated as I fall,  
I'll be your bonsai, your beautiful bonsai,  
Your black-eye bonsai,  
erotically rotting.

EXCERPT  
from  
"BATTLE  
MO'ER"

LOVING WOMEN'S  
BODIES



Peter Dinklage





## PAGAN MYTH

SELENA: "WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO CONVEY THROUGH YOUR MUSIC?"

DASH: "I ALWAYS TRY TO CONVEY AND TRANSFER MY LIFE ENERGY WITH ALL THE STRENGTH AND INTELLECT AT MY DISPOSAL. . . . AS I DEVELOP MUSICALLY I FIND I CAN MORE EFFECTIVELY EXPRESS EMOTIONS WE ALL FEEL. PLUS I'M CREATING MUSIC WITH TWO OF THE MOST INVENTIVE AND SUPPORTIVE PEOPLE I COULD HAVE THE GOOD FORTUNE TO TEAM UP WITH. THE PAGAN MYTH BASS PLAYER, MIKE RODRIGUEZ, AND BRYAN TREADWAY, OUR KEYBOARDIST, ARE PROFOUNDLY ENERGETIC MUSICIANS. . . . I THINK WE'RE AWARE OF MYSTERIOUS, COMPELLING FORCES WITHIN US AND WITHOUT US; AND WE TRY TO CAPTURE THAT CERTAIN SENSE OF MYSTERY WHEN WE PLAY. AND WHEN WE ROCK OUT IT'S A REAL BLAST!"

SELENA: "DO YOU PLAN TO CHANGE THE WORLD WITH YOUR MUSIC?"

DASH: "EVERYTHING WE DO CHANGES THE WORLD TO SOME EXTENT, WHETHER IT'S BLOWING OUR NOSES OR BLOWING UP BOMBS. WITHOUT BEING TOO ABSTRACT, YET PURSUING THIS PRINCIPLE, MUSICIANS ARE IN A PRIME POSITION TO INFLUENCE PEOPLE. THROUGH THEIR LYRICS, THE ATMOSPHERE CREATED BY THEIR MUSIC, THEIR STYLE OF DRESS, EVEN THEIR MOVEMENTS ONSTAGE, THEY CAN INSPIRE PEOPLE, REFRESH THEM, EVEN SUGGEST ALTERNATE WAYS OF RELATING TO EACH OTHER AND OUR GOVERNMENT. AT THE VERY LEAST THEY SHOULD ENTERTAIN US."





HERE ARE SOME SONG LYRICS BY SINGER-GUITARIST  
Elizabeth frost aka dash OF THE BAND pagan myth  
WITH WHICH WE CAN ALL SING ALONG. AND BE SURE  
TO GET THE NEWEST pagan myth SINGLE AT A STORE  
NEAR YOU! FOR INFORMATION CALL nuclear waste  
records AT (714) 788-4016.

### VICTIMS OF LOVE

THE MOON WAS ON HIGH  
AS WE SHIFTED TO LOW,  
AND WE SPED UP THE HILL  
FROM THE VALLEY BELOW.  
NIGHT BIRDS SHRIEKED  
WHEN WE FLEW TO THE CREST  
TO DO THE DEED NOW  
IN THE SONG OF THE WEST.....

ALL AT ONCE THE WORLD STOOD STILL,  
AND WE BRACED OURSELVES  
FOR THE FINAL KILL.  
I NEVER SEEM TO GET MY FILL;  
I NEVER HAVE AND I NEVER WILL.....

WE VICTIMS OF LOVE  
ARE ENFORCERS OF NEED.  
WE'RE LEFT WITH DEVICES  
TO FINISH THE DEED.  
WHEN DUST TO DUST  
AND ASHES COLLIDE,  
THEY'LL MAKE US EAT CROW  
AND LEAVE THE BODIES OUTSIDE....

I NEVER KNEW MY ENEMY'S NAME,  
CUZ IN THE DARK THEY ALL LOOK THE SAME.  
SO COME ON BABY, LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL.  
COME ON BABY,  
GIMME THAT PRECIOUS LITTLE SOUL.

SILENT SHADOWS IN DEADLY EMBRACE;  
ROTTING HANDS AND YOUR WITHERED FACE.  
THEY DISAPPEAR WITHOUT A TRACE,  
THESE LUSTY VAMPIRES IN OUTER SPACE.

© 1983 GRIM REPRISE



elizabeth frost :83

### BLACK RUBBER

I FELL FOR THE SWEET DISEASE  
THAT RAGED IN MY MIND.  
AND I'M STILL SEARCHING FOR A SIGN  
OF MY OWN KIND.  
BUT EVERYONE HAS CLEANED UP THE SCORE:  
NOTHING IS OBSCENE ANYMORE.  
SO RUB THAT BLACK RUBBER ON ME.  
PUT ON YOUR LEATHER BOOTS,  
DON YOUR LEATHER HOOD,  
AND DO NOT LET ME UP UNTIL  
I'M FEELING REALLY GOOD.  
I WAIT FOR VINDICATION,  
WORTHY OF SYNDICATION,  
SO RUB THAT BLACK RUBBER ON ME.

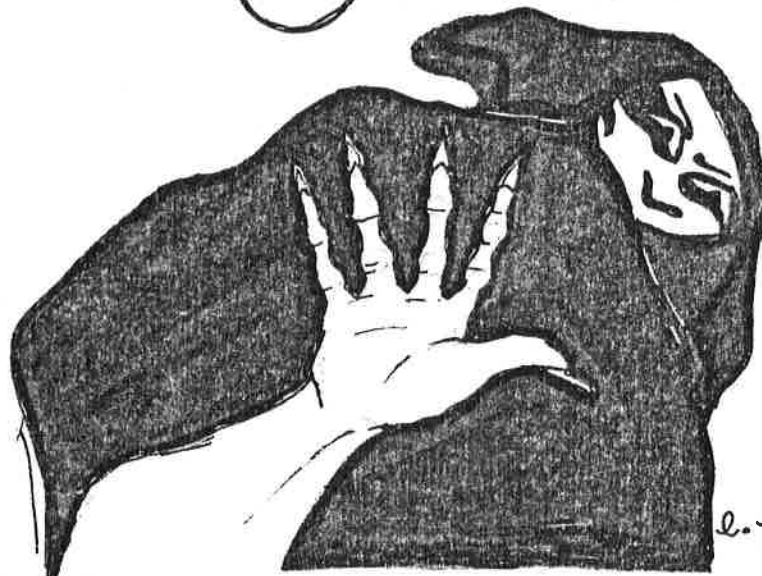
AH, DUNGEONS OF DECADENCE  
AND SWEET MISERY,  
REPLACED BY BORING TALK  
OF CHEAP MORALITY.  
I WANT A LIAISON OF PASSION AND FIRE;  
A SICK, DEMANDING LOVE ENTIRE.....

RUB IT AGAINST ME;  
PULL MY HAIR, GRAB MY WRIST.  
SLAM ME UP AGAINST A WALL,  
GIVE MY ARM A TWIST.  
POSSESS ME TOTALLY;  
LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO,  
AND I'LL RUB BLACK RUBBER ON YOU.

AH, SICK SOPHISTICATION,  
ARROGANT AND SURE.  
I WANT ALL THE EXCRUCIATION  
I CAN ENDURE.  
NOWADAYS THE PEOPLE ARE SO  
PASSIVE AND PURE.  
THEY KNOW THE SICKNESS,  
BUT NOT THE CURE....

YOUR THIGHS ENCASED  
IN A GLEAMING, STEAMING HEAT.  
WE WRESTLE FIERCELY OUT THE DOOR,  
INTO THE STREET.  
I LOVE YOU MADLY,  
AND I WOULD DIE FOR YOU GLADLY.  
JUST RUB THAT BLACK RUBBER ON ME.

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e.f.



## MENTAL ABUSE

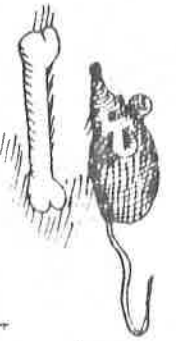
Randy Aparicio (Jack) - bass

Ronnie Guttenberg - drums

Richard Ivenmeyer - vocals

Bob Smith - guitar

M.A. was formed in November 1982.



Ronnie and Jack reside in Riverside.  
Richard and Bob reside in Huntington Beach.

This transaction was conducted May 1983.

Interviewer: Silent Running

Interviewees: Jack, Ronnie

## QUESTIONS

What's so wonderful?

Ronnie

I think we are unique because we do no copies, they're all originals. We've got a lot of them and there is a certain sound to us.

What style?

Ronnie

Heavy rhythm, good instruments.

Why are you in a band?

Ronnie

The reason we play in band is fun. We like fun and we like to see other people have fun. I hate all these fucking bands that try to be so serious about everything.

Ronnie

I see "punk rock" as a type of music. We don't dress up. Maybe we'll do it once in a while just to have fun. We try to be real people and play music. We don't go around beating people up.

We are dedicated about our music. We would rather stay and play and get something accomplished than "take our girlfriends to the beach" as the old cliché goes.

Ronnie

We're all good friends. Friendship comes first, then playing.

What causes do you support?

Ronnie

Nuclear power is going to stay. It's already here. There's no way we're going to abolish nuclear power. We should use it correctly.

Anything bothering you?

Ronnie

I'm so tired of all that trash-all these problems. So many problems can be avoided. People who get upset over nothing make big problems out of little problems. Life should be taken more lightly. It's not a bowl of cherries, it's your choice - it can be if you want it to be. If this band doesn't make it, I'm not going to sit around and cry and say, "Ah, we ruined our life when we were teenagers." I'm going to carry on with my life.

Any philosophies?

Ronnie

People who classify themselves are really degrading themselves. They don't know what they are and they don't admire themselves. Everyone should like themselves to an extent.

You can improve yourself.

There are some punk rockers who try to dress punk rock and who totally believe in it. Some people really do enjoy it. But then some people do it to fit in the little bubble. I can't go around saying who's doing it for the right reasons or not.

I don't go around judging people the way they are. I know so many cool people who have long hair.

Jack

Some punks think that they're better than other punks because they've talked to Sid Vicious and watched the "decline".

Some punks think that they're better than other punks because they've talked to Sid Vicious and watched the "decline".

Ronnie

If you're going to build an image on who knows who cares! Everyone has their own strengths and weaknesses. Your knowledge of one subject means nothing to me.

A person is good if he believes in himself and thinks he's good. I respect a person who is himself.

Beauty is only skin deep. Looks catch attention only for a while.

In Newport Beach every person is in a bubble. They just love themselves. They think they're so cool but they don't respect anyone else.

Ronnie

Keeping a band together is so hard. There are four different people and there are always decisions to make. Most asshole people talk only to others who catch their eyes. If everyone looked the same, how are these people going to determine their "friends"? Remember, if you didn't have clothes, your hair, or your money, or your car, who would you be?

# G R R R R R





# Twilight Zone

النخيل والجراد

"Butchery the mind cannot comprehend"

What causes wars, and what causes fightings among you? Is it not your passions that are at war in your members? You desire and do not have; so you kill. And you covet and cannot obtain; so you fight and wage war...Js.4:1

GREED

ننا  
عداقة  
نوع، ان  
ق اسلامية  
سلمين جميعا  
نيات الشعوب  
دان الاسلا ة  
التضخ  
جلالة  
وب  
بين  
مانه ان يخفف  
انيها البلدان  
ي الرواء  
مين وية  
جود  
ظلا  
ة فاس  
قمة فاس  
ناقادرة ولله

HATE

May 1963  
June 1963  
Aug 1963  
Sept 1963  
Oct 1963  
Nov 1963  
Dec 1963  
Jan 1964

124 Civil war in Laos  
125 Buddhist crisis in South Vietnam  
126 Coup in Dominican Republic  
127 China-Taiwan conflict  
128 Indochina crisis  
129 Cuba supports insurgents  
130 Improved relations with Israel  
131 Assassination of Diem in South Vietnam  
132 Cuba supports insurgents in Mexico  
133 Security of Panama Canal Zone

IF YOU LIKED VIETNAM I  
YOU'LL LOVE VIETNAM II

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DIRECTED BY CAPTAIN WICKHAMER  
COMING SOON TO A DRAFT BOARD NEAR YOU  
R REPUGNANT

BE STRONG, BRAVE, PROUD, WHAT CAUSES WARS?

\$ \$ \$ \$ \$

"I Thought I Was in Hell"

37. Soviet aircraft fire on NATO aircraft March, 1953  
38. End of war in Korea July, 1953  
39. Security of Japan/South Korea Aug., 1953  
40. France-Viet Minh war: Dienbienphu July, 1954  
41. Guatemala accepts Soviet bloc support May, 1954  
42. France-Viet Minh war: Dienbienphu July, 1954  
43. British airliner shot down by China July, 1954  
44. China-Taiwan conflict Tachen Islands Aug., 1954  
45. Election in Honduras Sept. 1954

これはやけど

PLEASE

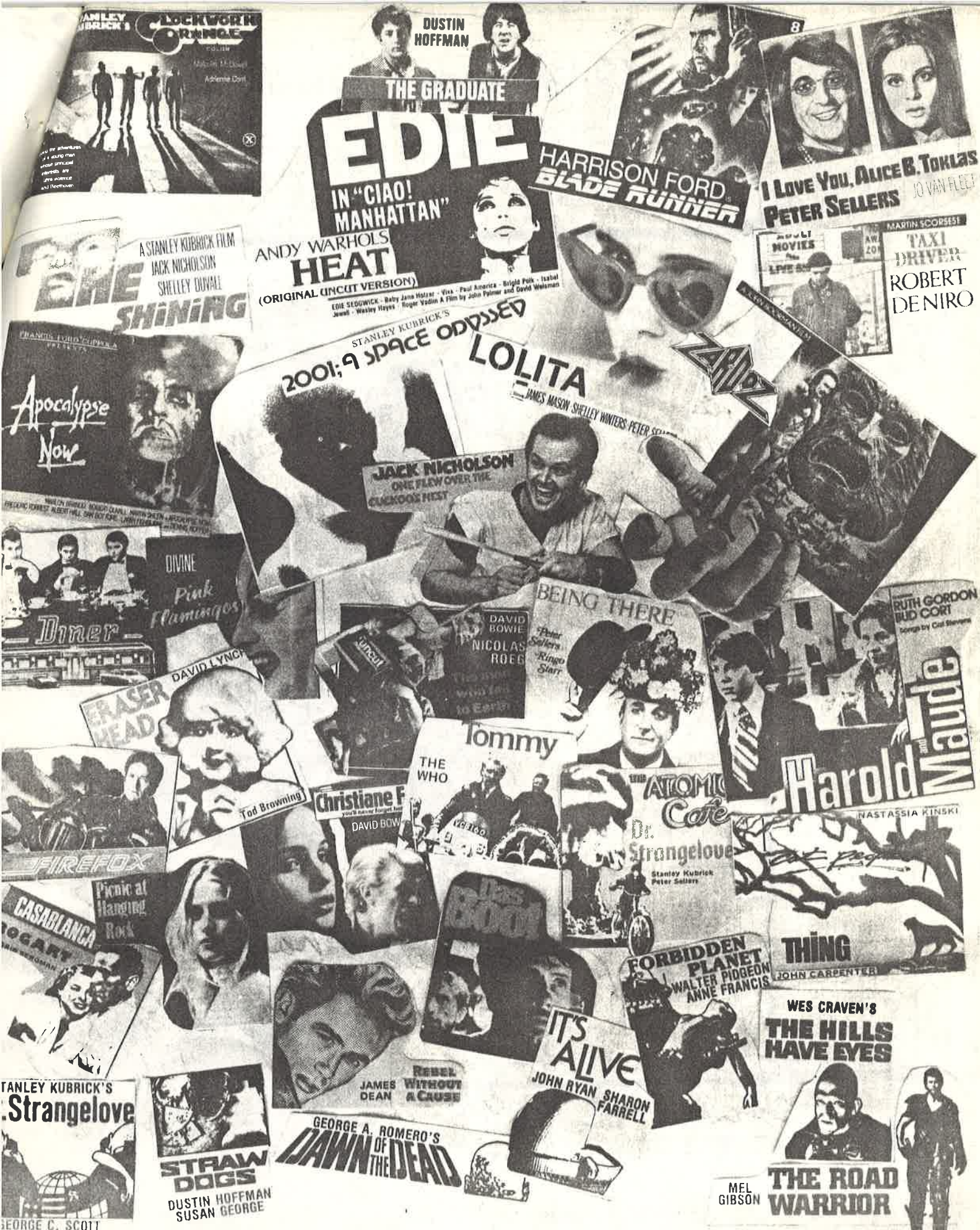
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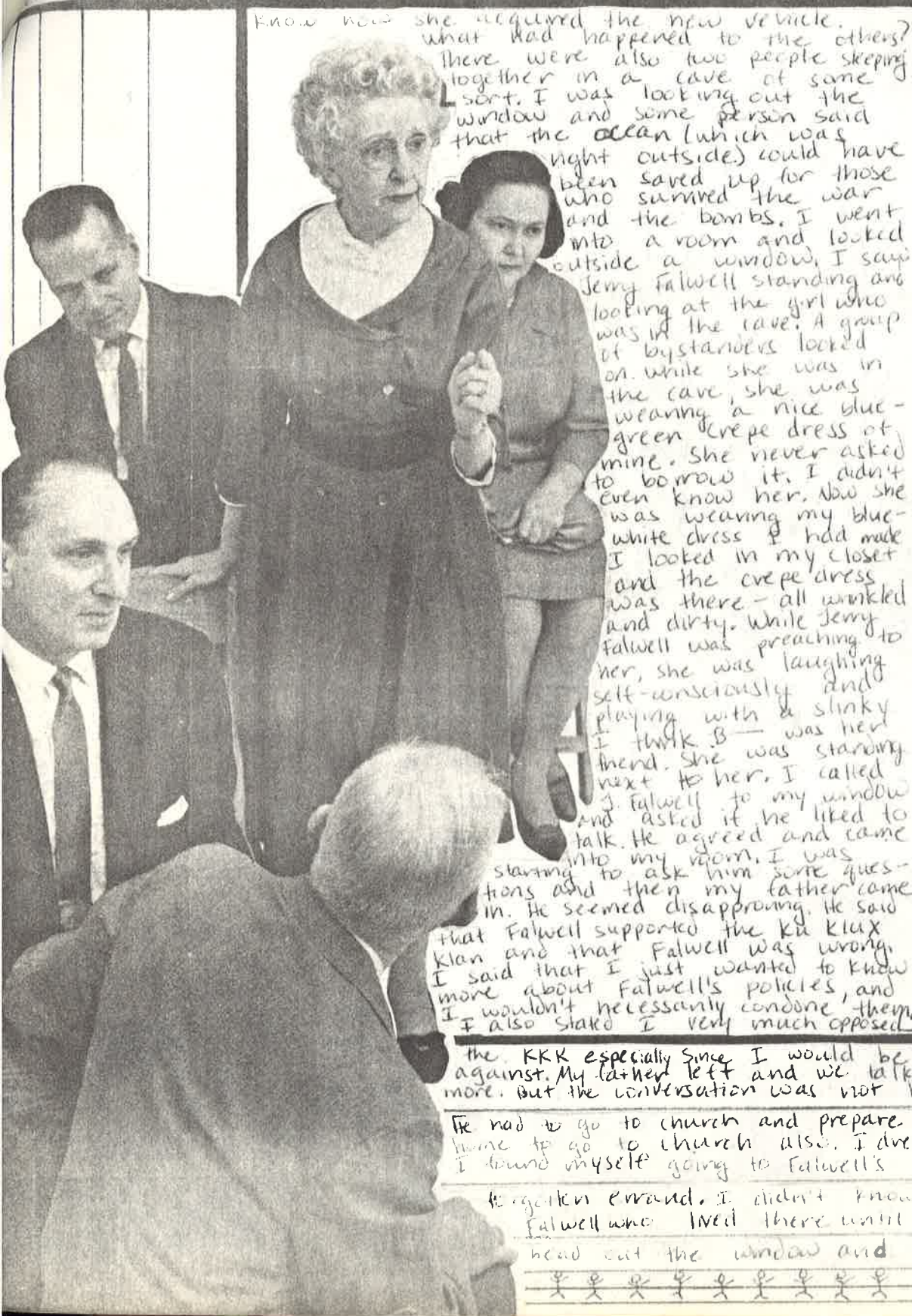


It is funny how the pictures of the 1960s world only seem really real when you video them. — Anthony Burgess, from A CLOCKWORK ORANGE. EXHUME SIN CHAD AVER 18



# ACHES, FALWELL, AND THE NEEDY

of all, I dreamt that it was the end of the world and I was going to this seaside resort for some reason. I suppose a shelter of some sort. I could see the difficult ways and the distressed people went to in hopes of reaching this place. It was a stretch of sand and a woman came on a motor. I saw her before in a car with three other people. I don't



Know now she acquired the new vehicle. What had happened to the others? There were also two people sleeping together in a cave of some sort. I was looking out the window and some person said that the ocean (which was right outside) could have been saved up for those who survived the war and the bombs. I went into a room and looked outside a window. I saw Jerry Falwell standing and looking at the girl who was in the cave. A group of bystanders looked on while she was in the cave. She was wearing a nice blue-green crepe dress of mine. She never asked to borrow it. I didn't even know her. Now she was wearing my blue-white dress I had made. I looked in my closet and the crepe dress was there - all wrinkled and dirty. While Jerry Falwell was preaching to her, she was laughing self-consciously and playing with a slinky I think B - was her friend. She was standing next to her. I called J. Falwell to my window and asked if he liked to talk. He agreed and came into my room. I was starting to ask him some questions and then my father came in. He seemed disapproving. He said that Falwell supported the Ku Klux Klan and that Falwell was wrong. I said that I just wanted to know more about Falwell's policies, and I wouldn't necessarily condone them. I also stated I very much opposed

the church. I saw a girl I knew. I remembered David saying that they needed clothes. I looked at myself and I found that I didn't match. I thought I should go home and change. I saw Falwell entering the back of the church with his spotless expensive suit welcoming everyone with a loud voice. Then I took those two people to a thrift shop to acquire some apparel. The girl picked a Paisley skirt for 35¢ and David got some pants. **END**

the KKK especially since I would be discriminated against. My father left and we talked a little bit more. But the conversation was not long enough.

We had to go to church and prepare himself. I went home to go to church also. I dressed quickly. I found myself going to Falwell's house on some forgotten errand. I didn't know it was Falwell who lived there until he popped his head out the window and scared me.

-SILENT RUNNING



not melts the page  
Thank heaven I'm insecure!

My heart wanders off

I want to PURGE myself

I don't want to yet  
The ink gets progressively weaker and stronger  
I am tired

How can I write like this?

It is difficult  
And when I see the current disco hit of the year  
I think of you

I should be thinking of me  
What a wonderful being you are  
Fear eats inside of me

FOR YOU

I regret that I let them cast aspersions in your wind

God I do want to talk

I bought a queen bent today

What are they thinking about?

I know I don't want it to happen  
But I somehow wish it so I can be  
in a happy situation.

feminine itching

While it is true that he didn't actually have to kill Isaac, Abraham did not know this until the very end.

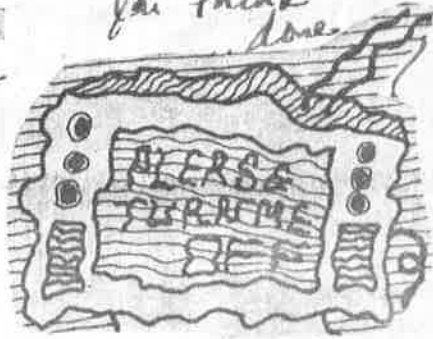
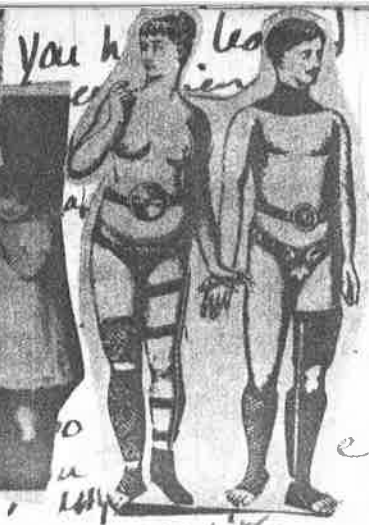
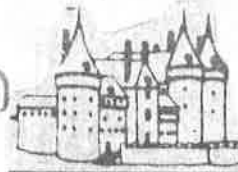
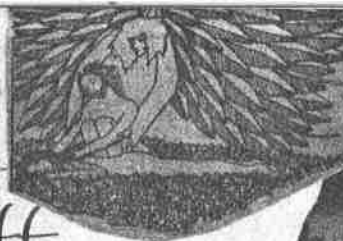
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3 Dip dry do not iron  
 Suspendre mouille  
 pour secher ne pas  
 repasser



4. After drip drying - wring  
 garment again if not  
 worn, store the garment  
 in wring position.  
 Apres l'avoir suspendu  
 pour secher, tordre le  
 vêtement de nouveau  
 et s'il n'est pas porté  
 immédiatement, laisser  
 dans la position tordue



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basically - im spilling  
 my guts out - its so  
 easy because i don't  
 know you



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